

Colby Library Quarterly



November 1957

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Communications regarding subscriptions should be addressed to the Librarian; communications regarding articles in the QUARTERLY should be addressed to Carl J. Weber. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by postage stamps and addressed envelopes. In general, this QUARTERLY is interested in Maine authors (for example, in Sarah Orne Jewett and Edwin Arlington Robinson) and in Maine history, and in those books and authors from outside of Maine (Henry James and Thomas Hardy, for example) who are well represented by special collections in the Colby College Library or who have exerted an influence on Maine life or letters.





SARAH ORNE JEWETT (1819-1909)
circa 1882

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SARAH ORNE JEWETT AND THE RICH TRADITION

By RICHARD CARY

BY January 1872 the young provincial from South Berwick, Maine, could look back with untainted elation at her literary achievement. Four years ago, her first story had been published under a pseudonym by a magazine of large general circulation. Since then, ten more of her products had appeared in five other outlets, including the short story "Mr. Bruce," accepted by William Dean Howells ("the Editor with the fine handwriting") for that mammoth among periodicals, the *Atlantic Monthly*. A relatively big frog in a small pond at 22, Sarah Orne Jewett might well have boomed out of tune in her native habitat. But the reticence which impelled her to mask identity in seven of these first eleven printed pieces¹ prevented her from shattering the pattern of her basic attachments. In the newfound dignity of young womanhood, the familial diminutive "Sallie" had become a rarity. Maturity and prestige notwithstanding, to the revered older generation of her intimate circle Sarah remained "Sallie." Rooted by propensity in the traditions of region and clan, she retained to the last of her days the becoming modesty, the immense respect, and the artless interests reflected in this early letter to her vivacious Aunt Lucretia.

¹ "I was very shy about speaking of my work at home, and even sent it to the magazine under an assumed name." "Looking Back on Girlhood," *Youth's Companion* (January 7, 1892), 6.

Sunday evening
28th Jan'y 1872

Dear Aunty:

Thank you for yr. letter which came in good time—for we were all depending upon hearing from you. I was glad to find out about the essay. You will be surprised to hear that Father is going to New York—tomorrow, that is if his cold is well enough. He has been quite ill all the week and I knew from former experiences that he would not refuse going to see people now he is better—and so he would be tired out and miserable for weeks to come. Anything is better for him than being here—and Mother & I have given him no peace & silenced every argument—and Mary² has written appealingly & he has consented to go, & now quite enjoys the idea. I know it will do him good. It will if he is at all like me—for when I last went to Boston³ I was scarcely able to sit up the day before & had not been "outside the door" for a week with a bad cold 'on my lungs' & that same afternoon was out shopping minus any extra wrappings & stayed out until dark in the midst of a December drizzle & half snow storm & have continued in good health to the present time!

I can scarcely wait until Saturday to see Mary—though I gave up missing her long ago. I 'want to see her' in the same fashion that I do Kate or Grace⁴—only more so. It will be very lonely without Father this week but I have planned a great deal that is to be done. I do hope Georgie⁵ will not send for me to pass next Sunday with her. I promised surely to go down as soon as she came home—and of course I wouldn't go this week. I have written her a letter to guard against the invitation's being sent—if possible. I did not go the other time that I promised & hardly like to disappoint her plans again. I am to go Friday & stay until Tuesday, & that would be out of the question when Mary has just arrived. Of course though, now I have written her she will not think of such a thing—but I feared I should have a letter from her before she got mine.

² Miss Jewett's elder sister, to whom she dedicated *A White Heron and Other Stories*.

³ Around this time, Miss Jewett frequently stayed with Levi Bartlett, a merchant in India Hall, and Mrs. Clarissa Walker Bartlett, an aunt of Aunt Lucretia but approximately of the same age and many of the same enthusiasms.

⁴ Katherine Parker Gordon, wife of the postmaster of Boston, and her daughter Grace, who later married the Reverend Treadwell Walden, for many years rector of St. Paul's in Boston. Miss Jewett was a recurrent guest in the Gordon home at 5 Walnut Street during her teens and twenties.

⁵ Georgina Halliburton, of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, was a lifelong friend of Miss Jewett. Her mother became stepmother of Edith Doe (see note 9).

I am overwhelmed at Miss Mathewson's ignorance of Miss Austen! How much pleasure she has to anticipate—no—I don't believe she would enjoy her stories much, do you? Particularly if she has Dumas and George Sand⁶ for her intimates. I don't think I remember Miss Austen very well, in spite of my fondness for her.⁷ It all comes back to me as I read, but—I had forgotten the stories almost entirely & the last time I read them was not more than three years ago. But the books I read then I do not remember so well as a year or two before & after. I think one reason was that they were nearly all the same kind of books—(novels) and there is no effort about reading them. All the reasoning is done for you and all the thinking as one might say. It seems to me like hearing somebody talk on and on and on, while you have no part in the conversation—& merely listen. I had a clear idea in my head when I started to tell you my 'views' but I find myself rather involved and consider that I had best leave it! But I have quite a grown-up feeling when I try to re-read some story I remember being absorbed in four or five years ago—and find I cannot get up any interest in it. Not that I have objections to a good novel now by any means but—I do like other things too & am glad of it. I am glad Fannie⁸ likes 'the Alice book'—it made a great impression on my mind, & I am anxious to read it again.

We all dined at the Doe's last Wednesday and had such a jolly time. The Judge is at home after quite a long absence. There is a

⁶ Miss Jewett's adulation of the Frenchwoman lasted over the years. In May 1888 she ordered a copy of Mme. Sand's letters from a New York dealer (Richard Cary, *Sarah Orne Jewett Letters* [Waterville, 1956], 42); in December she declared, "I am willing to study French very hard all winter in order to read her comfortably in the spring!" (Annie Fields, *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett* [Boston, 1911], 38); in 1890 she cried ecstatically, "I really know Madame Sand," after reading her letter to Mme. d'Agoult (Fields, 75); and in 1893 she quoted from Sand's *Légendes Rustiques* to support her impassioned defense of provincial values (Preface to *Deephaven*).

⁷ Miss Jewett's attitude toward Jane Austen oscillated. In childhood she dodged her father's thoughtful recommendations of Sterne, Fielding, Smollett, and Cervantes for "the pleasant ways of 'Pride and Prejudice'" (*Youth's Companion*, 6). At the present juncture, Austen's attraction seems to have wandered. In her fifties, the tug of nostalgia brought about another change of heart. "Yesterday afternoon I amused myself with Miss Austen's 'Persuasion.' Dear me, how like her people are to the people we knew years ago! It is just as much New England before the war—that is, in provincial towns—as it ever was Old England. I am going to read another, 'Persuasion' tasted so good!" (Fields, 185).

⁸ Frances Fiske Perry, daughter of Aunt Lucretia, was ten years old at this time and an omnivorous reader. Frail and of serious tendency, she earned the soubriquet "Miss Prim," by which Miss Jewett alludes to her in the last line of the letter. In her recollections of mid-century New England (see note 24) she reported, "The first copy of *Alice in Wonderland* to arrive in town was read by young and old until its binding was broken."

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prospect of another "hostility" after Mary comes. Mrs. Edith⁹ is as anxious to see her as any of us.

I am not very brilliant this evening, though Uncle William¹⁰ was here to tea & "Charlotte & 'Lisha'"¹¹ have been in since & they were all agreeable. Oh dear! if one could only remember those letters one composes in bed o'nights! I know mine would be so entertaining that my friends would insist upon their being "preserved in a volume!"¹²

Carrie¹³ was glad you liked the mats. I am delighted that they are in fashion again I always thought them so pretty. You know I do not usually appreciate fancy work!

Love to Grandpa & 'our cousin' Prim.

Yr. very aff. Sallie

With effervescent naïveté Miss Jewett dandles the names of more than a dozen contemporaries in this characteristic letter. Of these, four exerted momentous influence on her attitudes and actions. Significantly, they were all members of generations preceding her own. To her they represented ideals of conduct and accomplishment she wished ardently to perpetuate in both her life and writings.¹⁴ In this period of uneasy change which followed the Civil War, the economic base of South Berwick was shifting grievously. Once a relaxed up-river port devoted to ship-

⁹ Edith Haven Doe lived in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, until her marriage in 1865 to Judge Doe. Of superior intelligence and engaging manner, she presided over his menage with utter success as helpmeet and hostess. Miss Jewett often referred to her agreeable companionship.

¹⁰ William Durham Jewett, her father's elder brother, conducted a diversity of business enterprises in South Berwick. A childless widower, he kept bachelor hall although he had inherited the family dwelling from his father. Jocund and generous, he was inclined to indulge the three Jewett girls.

¹¹ Elisha Hanson Jewett was a first cousin to Miss Jewett's father. Coincidentally, his first wife's maiden name was Sarah Orne Jewett. His current wife was Charlotte Tilton Cross.

¹² This was not the first of Miss Jewett's faint intimations of immortality. Five years before she had speculated whimsically: "I think it would be funny if, a hundred years from now, some girl like me should find this diary somewhere and wonder about me. I guess I will write my journal with a view to your getting some improving information, young woman!" (Clara C. and Carl J. Weber, *A Bibliography of the Published Writings of Sarah Orne Jewett* [Waterville, 1949], vii).

¹³ Miss Jewett's younger sister, Caroline Augusta, to whom she dedicated *A Native of Winby and Other Tales*.

¹⁴ "I determined to teach the world that country people were not [and] awkward, ignorant set . . . I wanted the world to know their grand simple lives; and, so far as I had a mission, when I first began to write, I think that was it." (Weber, viii-ix.)

ping and West India trade, it was now succumbing to the urgencies of commerce and manufactures. In these four aging people Miss Jewett espied a culture which was patently fading from the countryside, a vibrancy which was being stilled by the new, intrusive modes. She cherished the peerless integrity, the flinty individualism of the three men; the thesaurus of domestic and esthetic virtues in the woman. In this era of vanishing values—"Tradition and time-honored custom were . . . swept away together by the irresistible current. Character and architecture seemed to lose individuality and distinction"¹⁵—she shook off the impact of invading mills and the "foreign" elements necessary to implement them, and focused her eyes steadfastly upon this quartet of elderly exemplars from whom she acquired the inspiration and the infinitude of detail which were to vivify her subsequent literary efforts.

Consider first the recipient of this letter, Miss Jewett's aunt Lucretia Fisk Perry (1826-1896) of Exeter, New Hampshire. Wife of Dr. William G. Perry, a younger brother of Miss Jewett's mother, Auntie brought into an already crackling household a provocative enthusiasm for literature and the fine arts. "A wise and constant lover of good books," she kept her shelves piled with the best that issued from England, transmitting her approval of Dickens, Browning, and a score of others, to her eager niece, whose growing control of the written word she fostered adroitly with encouragement, advice, and criticism. "You have that charm of naturalness in telling your stories . . . I hope you will always stick to your own style," she admonished after reading "The Shore House."¹⁶ Vigorously she channeled Sarah's intellectual energy into unexplored areas and demanded of her faithful reports of progress. Where parental persuasion curiously failed to stir the sluggish youngster, Aunt Lucretia's wit and persistence

¹⁵ Preface to *Deephaven* (1893), 4.

¹⁶ Cary, 26.

succeeded signally. "Her nephews and nieces, especially, owe much to the direction of such good taste and excellent literary judgment," Miss Jewett acknowledged gratefully at a later date.

In an age when periodic calls and visits were paramount functions within the social organism, Aunt Lucretia was adversely endowed. Incapacitated by chronic asthma, she could do no traveling, so had to forego the reciprocal rounds of formal calls and the week-long (or longer) visits which women of her class considered indispensable to orderly relationships. She remedied this limitation by entertaining frequently. Her parlor was constant haven to three-o'clock callers who could be assured pert welcome and good talk; her guest rooms were seldom without occupants who shared familiarly the turbulence of the house. She relished the art of conversation, moving smoothly from health and weather and friends to literature, history, and philosophy. She frowned upon mere gossip as second-class and showed short patience to any who indulged in it. "A promoter of large-mindedness and generous right feeling," Miss Jewett described her. And she wrote letters—voluminous, regular, meaty, bright, and charming letters—asserting repeatedly that Sarah also take as many pains to please her correspondents. News of journeys, of kin, and of projects had their place but must give way to moments of spirit, of pure intellect and personality. Is it any wonder that her enraptured niece lay "in bed o'nights" composing ideal messages?

Miss Jewett's gifted aunt—"so refined, so affectionate, so gay-hearted"—impregnated the young girl-mind with standards and purposes more durable than any she had contracted in her ailing, desultory slide through childhood. These were no gaudy rules for a game she might play with herself on the mysterious backstairs in the white clapboard house in South Berwick. This was a way of life. When Aunt Lucretia died, Miss Jewett wrote, in a mono-

graph privately printed by the family,¹⁷ something she had now understood for a long time. "Life to her was not a matter of opinion but of conduct." And in a letter around the same period: "She was the embodiment of all that a true lady should be." That was Aunt Lucretia's prime contribution—life was to be taken as a serious affair of feeling and behaving properly. To this intent, Sarah Orne Jewett shaped her own life and ascribed those of her fictional characters she respected most.

As one burrows through chatty letters and aborted reminiscences in search of biographical ana, the closeness of rapport between Miss Jewett and her father, Dr. Theodore Herman Jewett (1815-1878), becomes more and more distinct. In her estimation of men and mortals, he stood at the pinnacle. She spoke of him often, at length, and with invariable tenderness. She rated him "the best and wisest man I ever knew,"¹⁸ and drew a loving duplicate of him as Dr. Leslie in *A Country Doctor*, which she confessed "in some ways" preferring among all her books. On the day after his death she cried despondently, "I don't know how I can live without him."¹⁹ To assuage her grief she wrote two poems "To My Father" (in *Verses*), and set up a stained-glass window in his memory at Bowdoin College.

Scholarly son of a swashbuckling father, Dr. Jewett chose the study of medicine rather than follow the sea or venture in trade. After taking his degree, he settled in South Berwick and quickly captured the district with his skill as general practitioner and wide perception as friend and counsellor. In time he became professor of obstetrics at Bowdoin, consulting surgeon to Maine General Hospital, president of the Maine Medical Association, and contributor of scientific papers to the learned journals.

¹⁷ Quotations not otherwise identified in this and the preceding two paragraphs are from this publication. Miss Jewett said of it, "I do hope that this may always carry something of the lesson and influence of her life."

¹⁸ Dedication to *Country By-Ways*.

¹⁹ Francis O. Matthiessen, *Sarah Orne Jewett* (Boston, 1929), 58.

But nowhere did he display his wisdom and compassion to greater effect than upon his own delicate, exceptional daughter. Early they became fixed companions. Lackluster health deterred her from regular schooling, so he formed the habit of taking her in his chaise on his daily professional tour. The outdoors helped in some measure to invigorate her, but that was the least of the benefits accrued.

On these long rides, the doctor talked. Everything was grist: law and lampreys, rickets and religion, books. On these long rides, the doctor introduced her to indigenous fauna and flora ("the first time I knew anemones"), to impecunious, carefree Irish and French-Canadians, to salt-bitten fishermen, isolate farmers, and mute, workworn women. Deep into her impressionable brain sank the sights, the sounds, the smells of her country, the talk and the look of her people. Steadily, sagaciously the physician-father imbued her with an ineffaceable desire to encompass these phenomena. Out of his knowing patience flowered the ultimate ambition: to write, to proclaim these immediate realities to the world outside Maine. At this critical point, Dr. Jewett—a man who could condone any human foible except sham—passed on to her his most notable instruction. "Don't try to write *about* people and things," he said, "tell them just as they are!"²⁰ In its unshorn directness it expressed the gist of his simplicity, the whole of his imperishable probity. Later, Miss Jewett incorporated into her literary creed two axioms from Flaubert, which she pinned conspicuously to her desk, but her father's precept she held inviolate within the securer vision of her memory.

"Nothing that belonged to his mind or his work was foreign to her," declared Annie Fields,²¹ the confidante of her adulthood. After his death Miss Jewett was frequently to be found in the semi-dark of his office, poring

²⁰ *Youth's Companion*, 6.

²¹ *Letters of Sarah Orne Jewett*, 5.

over his diaries, his books and papers, his left-over paraphernalia, intently retrieving from these flaccid remainders the arching spirit that had once vitalized them. Constantly her mind flowed backward to the calm, solicitous man "who taught me many lessons and showed me many things as we went together along the Country By-Ways."²² The picture of him never died, nor did the weight of his counsel diminish. "I have been thinking about him a very great deal this last day or two," she wrote on the anniversary of his birth in 1882. "I wonder if I am doing at all the things he wishes I would do."²³

The "Grandpa" mentioned in the last line of Miss Jewett's letter is Dr. William Perry (1788-1887), her mother's father and benevolent dynast of the Exeter household. To the little visitor from South Berwick, perched in a corner of the sitting room, watching him deploy crimson coals in the open grate, he seemed to radiate fable. Even after she had graduated from dolls and dominoes, the magic of his past and the potency of his presence continued to enthrall her. As a boy, he repudiated his heritage, the family farm, and walked all the way from Norton, Massachusetts, to Schenectady, New York, in a valiant preamble to his objective, a degree from Harvard Medical School, which he achieved in 1814. He was on board Robert Fulton's ill-starred *Clermont* on its first passenger trip from Albany to New York but, after several mishaps, prudently transferred from the steamboat to a sailing packet, thereby barely missing the climactic explosion of its sheet iron boiler. His native mechanical ingenuity he turned to good account by creating a number of devices useful in medical emergencies. He developed an inexpensive process of making gum from potato starch and, in the absence of dentists, carved practicable teeth from the tusks of hippopot-

²² Dedication to *Country By-Ways*. And more than a decade after he died, she wrote: "I remember again and again the wise things he said, and the sights he made me see." (*Youth's Companion*, 6.)

²³ Fields, 16.

ami. A militant progressive, he pioneered the movement to establish state hospitals for the insane, bringing overdue mercy to hundreds of chained unfortunates whose lot it had been to share quarters with pigs, rats, and vermin. He savored his professional career far beyond the normal span, collaborating in experiments until he was past 80 and performing a major operation at 92.

"The Old Doctor" (to distinguish him from his son Dr. William) was regarded affectionately by the entire community as an original. In the matter of clothing, he clung to a broadcloth suit of changeless, antiquated mode, an odd collar with a black stock, heavy stockings of homespun, homedye blue yarn, and atop his massive head an inevitable tall hat with the wondrous capacity of staying on in the most fretful blasts. In speech he was no less intransigent. He called a spade a spade and let resentment fall where it may. A deacon of the Congregational Church for sixty years and a loyal attendant at services, he could nevertheless be nettled by any incursion on his independence. He was once approached by an overly zealous stranger who inquired, "Sir, be ye saved?" "Sir, who be ye?" he retorted tartly. Similarly in some of his medical prescriptions. To a middle-aged man on the verge of nervous breakdown Dr. Perry suggested: "Get a cord of wood, saw some of it every day." Hardly a conventional recipe, but it worked. And into his late eighties the electric intensity of his nature would be satisfied with none but mettlesome horses, which he raced zestfully to the nearby beaches.

These animated qualities of her grandfather the growing girl absorbed appreciatively, but there were others of possibly greater consequence. Dr. Perry was particularly hospitable to young folk. He saw in them auspicious potentials and urged them forward buoyantly, stoutly. When they vacillated, he would roar, "I like to see people ACT." He plied his grandchildren with books and sponsored lit-

the journeys to enlarge their experience. He called for full reckoning of their activities, exhorted them to "write a good letter," and commented bluntly on their efforts. On the horizon of their lives he loomed as an indestructible pillar and an indicative forefinger.

His unwavering rectitude left palpable imprints on young Sarah's burgeoning awareness; his peremptory verve helped to dispel her juvenile penchant for passive fantasy. "[He was] always showing me where good work had been done, and insisting upon my recognition of the moral qualities that led to achievement," she avowed. And when his instigations had manifestly fulfilled themselves in her deepening stream of literary works, she dedicated to him, Q.E.D., her ninth volume, *The Story of the Normans*.²⁴

Though not related to Miss Jewett, as was each of the foregoing trio, the Honorable Charles Doe (1830-1896) had as pervasive an effect upon her sensibilities. A grizzled nonconformist, his self-ordained ideals and his indifference to popularity matched Dr. Perry's. Appointed associate justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire when only 29, and later chief justice, he swept into limbo, without notice or apology to the legislature, hosts of petty rules which were impeding the administration of state law. His favorite prefatory remark—"As there was a time when no precedents existed"—usually forecast some new iconoclasm. He switched political allegiance without qualm when his personal convictions ran counter to party policy.

Of middle height, slightly bowed, and with chronically unkempt beard, he might readily have been taken for a farmer or lumberman. He wore a nondescript frock coat, creaseless trousers, and heavy brogans innocent of polish. The stained, misshapen straw hat which completed his costume in summer gave way in winter to a dark blue cloth

²⁴ Most of the facts and quotations regarding Dr. Perry are from his granddaughter Frances Perry Dudley's *The Mid-Century in Exeter* (Exeter, N. H., 1943), the first half of which is a memorial tribute to him.

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cap with prominent earlaps. In court he decked himself in a coarse rug (suspiciously like a horseblanket) and directed that all windows be thrown wide open, whatever the weather. Daytime or night, whenever weariness set in, he went summarily to bed.

Judge Doe had attended Berwick Academy (class of '38), as had Miss Jewett ('65), and both were listed as vice presidents of the institution in its memorial year of 1891. At the time of this letter, the Judge was living at Rollinsford, New Hampshire, about a mile from the Jewett house. The Judge's latchstring was always out, and it was his pleasure to converse by the hour in his study or elm-shaded yard with congenial townsfolk or habitual visitors like the Jewett sisters. A raconteur of uncommon facility, he punctuated his stories with earth-born phrases and laconic flashes of philosophic insight. Behind his rugged humors, hinted at in the protracted "hostility," lay a vast kindness and tolerance evolved from daily dealing with human vagaries. Over the callow authoress he cast a spell. She came often and noted well his idioms and idiosyncrasies, his diamond-hardness, his unblenching sense of truth. From his copious temperament she derived intimations for a dozen gritty portraits and the impetus to seek out other figures of comparable authenticity.

To the agitated young Jewett nothing seemed more pressing than to delineate in this declining time the uniqueness and solidity of people such as these—her grandfather, father, aunt, and surpassing good friend. There was in them, and their kind, an opulence and an acumen which appeared to be slipping out of currency. She loved unabashedly the pride and the power of their ways: "In those childish years I had come in contact with many delightful men and women of real individuality and breadth of character, who had fought the battle of life to good advantage, and sometimes against great odds."²⁵ Bemused

²⁵ *Youth's Companion*, 6.

by "the light that lit the olden days," she embraced "that generation as the one to which I really belong—I who was brought up with grandfathers and grand-uncles and aunts for my best playmates."²⁶ Buttressing her sketches with personalities and principles hewn out of such granite, Sarah Orne Jewett shortly emerged as the spokesman of a rich, sequestered tradition and assumed permanent rank among the foremost local colorists in the annals of American literature.²⁷



HARDY'S COPY OF SCHOPENHAUER

By CARL J. WEBER

THOMAS HARDY died in 1928. After the death of his second wife in 1937, his library was sold at auction in London; but when the auctioneer's cataloguer came to prepare a catalogue for the sale, he did not think that every book in the novelist's library was worthy of separate mention, even by title. This paper¹ deals with one of the books dumped into that vague category of "and other volumes." The book is a work by Schopenhauer which one might be tempted to say had "fallen into obscurity" were it not for the fact that it has never really emerged from obscurity at any time, at least not in English. This is an undeserved fate from which the book ought to be rescued. Mention of a few bibliographical facts may be helpful.

In 1883, when Queen Victoria was upon the eve of cele-

²⁶ Matthiessen, 30.

²⁷ I am indebted to Mrs. Frances Dudley Shepard for the gift of Miss Jewett's letter and photograph, and to Mrs. Shepard, Dr. John E. Frost, and Mrs. Clara B. Bixler for supplemental information.

¹ This is a somewhat abbreviated version of a paper read by the author at the seventy-second annual meeting of the Modern Language Association of America, Madison, Wisconsin, September 9, 1957. As listed on page 20 of the program, this paper was entitled "Schopenhauer and Hardy's 'food for final Hope' in *The Dynasts*." For this abbreviated report a briefer title has been provided.

brating her Golden Jubilee, there became available in London for the first time in English a translation of a German work which had made its appearance in Berlin in the year of Queen Victoria's birth. Schopenhauer's *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* and Queen Victoria were both born in 1819, but not until 1883 was the German work made known under an English title. Published by Trübner in London, Schopenhauer's book had had to wait sixty-four years to achieve this translation. *The World as Will and Idea* was the result of the collaboration of R. B. Haldane and J. Kemp.

This London publication missed being Schopenhauer's first appearance in English by only two years. A few of his essays had been translated by Garrett Droppers and C. A. Dachselt, and their book, bearing the simple title *Select Essays by Arthur Schopenhauer*, was published in 1881 in Wisconsin. The Sentinel Company of Milwaukee apparently holds the distinction of being the first to print Schopenhauer in English.

Neither of these translations, however, was of Arthur Schopenhauer's initial work. He had turned up as a student at Göttingen about a decade after one Samuel Taylor Coleridge had sojourned there. Schopenhauer gained his degree as Doctor of Philosophy by the publication, in 1813, of a dissertation *On the Four-fold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason*. Seventy-five years later, after Queen Victoria had celebrated her Golden Jubilee, this dissertation still remained unknown to English readers, even though it had gone through four editions in Germany.

Mrs. Karl Hillebrand's translation of *The Four-fold Root* into English finally appeared in London in 1889. It was published by George Bell & Sons. This book was Schopenhauer's third appearance in English, his second London publication, the first *English* publication of his doctoral dissertation. The book contained nearly four hundred pages. Bound in dull blue cloth, it sold in London for five shillings.

This long delay in making the *Four-fold Root* known to English readers is surprising, all the more so because—to quote Mrs. Hillebrand's introduction—it has “so much importance for a profound and correct knowledge of Schopenhauer's philosophy that it may even be doubted whether the translation of his chief work, *The World as Will and Idea*, can contribute much towards the appreciation of his system without the help . . . of the *Four-fold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason*.”

Within a year of its publication, a copy of this book was bought by Thomas Hardy. The purchase was a very characteristic act. Hardy had been among the very first to read Darwin's *Origin of Species* in 1859; he was one of the first to read John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty*. He was among the earliest readers of Newman's *Apologia*. And in (or about) 1890 he bought Schopenhauer's *Four-fold Root*. Hardy read the book just about the time when a work of his own entitled *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* had been rejected by the editors of both *Murray's Magazine* and *Macmillan's Magazine*.

Hardy signed his name in the book—boldly, on the title-page—and wrote in it and made various marks in it. It is fortunate indeed that this book still survives, with his name and his marks in it, for without it one would not know for certain that Hardy had ever read Schopenhauer's dissertation. The fact that he had read *something* by Schopenhauer could doubtless be assumed or inferred, but one would not know just *what* of Schopenhauer's Hardy had read and reflected upon. This book takes on additional significance when one notes the fact that Hardy never mentions the German philosopher in his autobiography.² In the index of that work, the name Schopenhauer does not appear. The two volumes were written and published as if Arthur Schopenhauer had not existed at all for Thomas Hardy.

² In saying “autobiography” I refer, of course, to those two volumes issued after Hardy's death by his wife—*The Early Life* and *The Later Years*, published in 1928 and 1930 as the work of Florence Emily Hardy but now known to be essentially Hardy's own autobiographical writing.

Students of the Wessex novelist have, of course, long thought otherwise. Miss Helen Garwood, for example, earned a Ph.D. at the University of Pennsylvania by writing a dissertation on Schopenhauer and Hardy. It was published in Philadelphia in 1911 under the title *Thomas Hardy, an Illustration of the Philosophy of Schopenhauer*. But when Miss Garwood sent Hardy a copy of this dissertation, he took occasion to state, when he wrote her in reply, that he really knew very little about Schopenhauer. "My pages," he declared, somewhat cryptically, "show harmony of view with Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Hume, Mill, and others, all of whom I used to read more than Schopenhauer."

In 1904, when a London reviewer of Part One of *The Dynasts* criticized Hardy for making Pitt, in a speech in the House of Commons, give utterance to Schopenhauerian ideas of the Immanent Will, with talk about "the strange fatality that haunts the times wherein our lot is cast," Hardy was quick to point out that Schopenhauer had nothing whatever to do with Pitt's final speech; that he (Hardy) had used Pitt's actual words, uttered in Parliament before Schopenhauer was ever heard of.

In the light of these silences and disavowals, one must examine Hardy's copy of Schopenhauer carefully before attempting to draw any conclusions from it. And one must be all the more cautious in attempting to draw conclusions, because one is aware of the false conclusions, the erroneous deductions, that have been offered to the scholarly world by careless workmen in the past.

In 1938, for example, Blackwell of Oxford published an Oxford dissertation in which William R. Rutland told his readers about Hardy's copy of George Eliot's translation of Strauss's *Life of Jesus*—a book which Dr. Rutland had seen in Hardy's library at Max Gate. On the strength of his hasty observation there, Rutland made a deduction which he announced on page 106 of his dissertation: "Har-

dy read Strauss's *Life of Jesus*. . . . He must have studied it extensively if he went to the expense of buying it."

To speak frankly, this comment is worthless. The Strauss book contains 784 pages, but it interested Hardy so little that he never bothered to cut open the leaves beyond page 178. The book is now in the Colby College Library, and more than five hundred of its pages remain uncut to this day. Hardy did not write his name in the book, or write any notes in it, and there is only one slight mark in one of its margins to show that the eye of the novelist once glanced there.

In the case of the Schopenhauer, however, there is a very different story to tell. When the book reached the Colby College Library, *all* the leaves had been cut open, from first to last. Hardy underlined the two words "Sufficient Reason" in the title, and wrote in pencil his own explanation of their meaning: "i.e., [Sufficient Reason] for the existence of things." With some readers, it is a common practice to underline words in this way, in passages that seem to call for special noting. Hardy's usual practice was to draw a vertical line in the margin opposite such passages, and if *extra*-special emphasis seemed to him to be called for, he drew a pair of vertical lines. We are thus saved from repeating Rutland's mistake in relying on vague inferences and guesses. We can tell that Hardy read *all* of this book by Schopenhauer and that certain pages and certain passages held special interest for him. Even the statement that he read all of the book takes on added significance for anyone who has noted the fact that whole pages are in Latin, that some of the passages marked by Hardy are in Greek, that there are numerous quotations in French and in German. This is indeed a hard book to read—much harder than the *Life of Jesus*. Yet the contrast between Hardy's copies of these two books is striking. The Strauss shows that it failed to hold Hardy's interest, whereas the Schopenhauer kept his mind and eye riveted, from

page one clear through to page 375 with its scornful defence of the philosopher's pessimistic view of things, and its reference to "the monstrous, nameless evil—the awful, heartrending misery in the world." In short, Hardy not only read Schopenhauer but studied him, diligently and long.

And with what results? To answer this question adequately would require far more space than is here available. All that is possible here is to note the influence of Schopenhauer only on *The Dynasts*; and even within this restriction, one can do no more than note the influence on the supernatural framework within which Hardy's Napoleonic drama is set; and even here, one must rest satisfied to make only two points.

The first has to do with "It." As all readers of *The Dynasts* know, "It" is the blind unconscious Force which, in Hardy's poem, replaces the God of Milton's *Paradise Lost*. In the Preface to Part One of the epic-drama, Hardy explains his use of the neuter pronoun as applied to what he calls the source of Causation, stating that his "abandonment of the masculine pronoun in allusions to the First or Fundamental Energy seemed a . . . logical consequence of the long abandonment by thinkers of the anthropomorphic conception of the same." In the drama itself, Hardy does not call "IT" the First Energy but "the Will." This use of the word WILL causes a great deal of ambiguity for many English readers of *The Dynasts*. When the poem was first published, some of Hardy's friends wrote to him to point out this ambiguity. But Hardy defended his use of the word. To Edward Clodd he wrote (March 22, 1904): "What you say about the WILL is true enough, if you take the word in its ordinary sense. But in . . . a secondary sense . . . that of effort exercised in an . . . unconscious manner" Hardy thought the word permissible. To Ed-

ward Wright he wrote (June 2, 1907): "I quite agree with you . . . that the word WILL does not perfectly fit the idea to be conveyed—[that of] a vague . . . urging . . . force"; but again he defended his use of the word and claimed that his theory about the Will "settled the question of Free-will [hyphenated] vs. Necessity."

If we open Hardy's copy of Schopenhauer to page 236 and note the mark he placed there, we can easily see not only the source of this perverse use of the word WILL but also the reason for Hardy's defence of it. "The fundamental truth of my doctrine," declared Schopenhauer in the passage marked by Hardy, "which places that doctrine in opposition with all others that have ever existed, is the complete separation between the will and the intellect. . . . I am the first who has asserted that a *will* must be attributed to all that is lifeless. . . . With me, the will is not . . . an accident of cognition and therefore of life; but life itself is manifestation of will." Page 238 of the Schopenhauer book emphasizes the need "to distinguish WILL from Free-will" (hyphenated) and "to understand that the former can subsist without . . . a brain . . . implying deliberation and choice. . . ."

A second point in *The Dynasts* where a German thumbprint can be detected is closely allied with a passage on page 309 of the Schopenhauer book, in which the philosopher talks about conscious life being "itself a manifestation of will." In September 1907, just 50 years ago, when Hardy dated the last page of Part III of *The Dynasts*, he too wrote about consciousness developing in the WILL, and he found in this Schopenhauerian idea *not* a seed for pessimism but a cause for hope. For if man, as a fragment of the cosmic whole, has developed consciousness, awareness, sympathy, why may not the Unconscious Will eventually become similarly conscious, and aware, and sympathetic? Hardy felt that there was no limit to the possible

development of the WILL: he wrote about It's "unscanted scope," and declared that this possibility of development "affords a food for final Hope."

This thought, this "final Hope," encouraged him to look forward to mankind's eventual "deliverance . . . from the darts that were," and to trust that the day will come, when, "Consciousness the Will informing, It will fashion all things fair." And it is on this hopeful, this optimistic note that Hardy's poem ends.

In looking at this faint glimmer of Hope, does it seem to any reader of these words that the Schopenhauerian mountain has labored and brought forth a very small mouse? If so, that reader must be told that Thomas Hardy would not agree with him. Hardy not only regarded this idea of "final Hope" as important—very important—but took pains to claim that the idea was wholly his own, characteristically concealing (or should one be kinder and say "forgetting"?) the part that Schopenhauer had played in it all. In a letter to Edward Clodd (February 20, 1908) Hardy wrote: "the idea of the Unconscious Will becoming conscious . . . is . . . new"; and in a letter to Edward Wright (June 2, 1907) he declared: "That the Unconscious Will of the Universe is growing aware of Itself, I believe I may claim as my own idea solely."

Whatever we may think of these claims, Schopenhauer's *Four-fold Root of the Principle of Sufficient Reason* provides a thought-provoking summons to us to re-examine the philosophical framework of *The Dynasts*, if only to see how a note of optimistic Hope can be distilled by the imagination of a poet from the doctoral dissertation of a pessimist.



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LIBRARY OF JUDGE JOHN EDWARDS GODFREY

By F. ELIZABETH LIBBEY

Associate Librarian

FROM the library of the late Judge John Edwards Godfrey of Bangor, Maine, approximately thirteen hundred and fifty volumes have been presented to the Colby College Library through the kindness and generosity of his two granddaughters, Mrs. Candace Loud Sawyer of Oneida, New York, and Mrs. Laura Loud Orcutt of Mahwah, New Jersey. A great-granddaughter, Miss Candace Orcutt, graduated from Colby in June 1957.

Judge Godfrey was born in Hampden, Maine, in 1809 and died in Bangor, Maine, in 1884. He was considered a lawyer of ability, a man of broad and advanced views, and possessed a well-cultivated mind. He was judge of the Probate Court of Penobscot County for twenty-four years, was prominent in the city councils and took a deep and active interest in the schools. An early abolitionist, he was editor of the *Free Soil Gazette*. He possessed a large and well-selected library which he collected throughout his lifetime. He contributed to the collections of the Maine Historical Society. He was orator at the Bangor Centennial of 1869, was president of the Bangor Historical Society and the Penobscot Musical Association.

The Godfrey library contains many items of Americana and a goodly number of journals, among which are *Chambers' Miscellany*, *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* (American edition), *The Museum of Foreign Literature, Science and Art*, and *St. Nicholas*. The collection contains works of many standard authors, both English and American, and individual Maine town histories (some of which have long been out of print). In fine condition is a copy of *A Diary of Peter Edes, the Oldest Printer in the United States*, printed by Samuel S. Smith, Bangor, 1837.

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Two other Maine items of historical significance and value are (1) the anonymous first appearance of Longfellow's *Outre-Mer: a Pilgrimage beyond the Sea*, Boston, Hilliard, Gray and Company, 1833, and (2) Joseph Whipple's *A Geographical View of the District of Maine, with Particular Reference to its Internal Resources, Including the History of Acadia, Penobscot River and Bay, with Statistical Tables, Showing the Comparative Progress of the Population of Maine with each State in the Union—a List of the Towns, their Incorporation, Census, Polls, Valuation, Counties, and Distances from Boston*, Bangor: Printed by Peter Edes, 1816.

The Godfrey library is rich in the inclusion of many standard histories of France, England, Germany, and other countries. Biographies of many historical and literary figures abound, along with a sprinkling of titles in the fields of art, religion, and philosophy.

The gift not only enriches the holdings of the Colby Library but will make available many added copies for general circulation.



A GIFT FROM MARK TWAIN'S NEPHEW

THANKS to the generous thought and kindly interest of Mr. Cyril Clemens, the Library has received a copy of Thomas Hardy's *Wessex Poems* in an edition previously lacking in our Hardy Collection. Mr. Clemens' gift is the London (Macmillan) edition of 1903, "with thirty illustrations by the Author," bound in blue cloth.

According to Richard L. Purdy's *Thomas Hardy: A Bibliographical Study* (1954), "*Wessex Poems* was published . . . in . . . December 1898. . . . *Subsequent Editions* (see also COLLECTED EDITIONS): *Wessex Poems* . . . was published in America by Harper & Brothers at the end of January 1899, though copyrighted 1898. When the volume was included in Macmillan's definitive *Wessex Edition* in 1912, it was

combined with *Poems of the Past and the Present* and the illustrations discarded" (page 106).

If, obeying the direction to "see also COLLECTED EDITIONS," one turns to page 284 of Purdy's *Study*, one finds mention of the London (Macmillan) 1912 edition of *Wessex Poems*, but no other edition of this book is there listed or mentioned. Purdy had thus provided support for our previous belief that our file of editions of *Wessex Poems* was complete. The arrival of Mr. Clemens' gift proved that we were wrong in that belief. We now know that there was a 1903 edition also, Macmillan's first issue of this book.

Before sending it, Mark Twain's nephew inscribed the book thus: "For the Colby College Hardy Collection, with high admiration for its magnificent achievement, from the poet's friend and author of *My Chat with Thomas Hardy*.—Cyril Clemens."



AN ECHO OF EARLY MAINE HISTORY

THROUGH the kindness of "Phyllis and Howard Mott" (Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. Mott of Sheffield, Massachusetts), the Library has received an interesting item—a Maine imprint dated Ellsworth, August 23, 1842. It is an announcement of the opening, or re-opening, of Charles J. Whiting's Military School on October 1, 1842. Since some details in this announcement will interest students of Maine history, particularly among the many enthusiastic readers of Dr. Marriner's *Kennebec Yesterdays*, we quote from it here:

"The School is at St. Leonard's Crag, a pleasant, elevated and healthy situation three miles and a half from the village of Ellsworth, on the main post road from that village to the city of Bangor. There are ample accommodations for forty Scholars who will reside in the family of

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their Instructor, and who will receive every attention in respect to their health and morals, as well as to their studies.

"The course of instruction will be that adopted at the military academy at West Point; but pupils will also be prepared for admission to the Universities and Colleges of New England, and for mercantile pursuits.

"There will be two vacations in the year of one month each, beginning on the fifteenth of June, and December.

"The terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, are One Hundred and Fifty Dollars per annum payable quarterly."

Readers who sigh nostalgically over this reminder of what one could buy a century ago with one hundred and fifty dollars may console themselves with the thought that it was then just as hard to come by a hundred dollars as it is to acquire a thousand today. What success this West Point academy in Maine had, the Ellsworth printing does not record.



TWO GIFTS

To Mr. George F. Hughes, of Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts, we are indebted for a set of Edward H. Nolan's *History of the War Against Russia* (London, James S. Virtue & Co., 1855-1857; 8 vols., illustrated), a most detailed and complete account of the Crimean War.

To Mr. M. M. Goldfine, of Boston, we are indebted for a two-volume addition to our collection of Elzevir printings. This is an edition of Horace, printed at Leyden in 1629. Elzevir was one of the great printing families in the Low Countries which succeeded in carrying on the traditions of artistic printing, even after the quality of printing began to deteriorate in the sixteenth century.

COLBY LIBRARY ASSOCIATES

THIS ORGANIZATION was founded in April, 1935. Its object is to increase the resources of the Colby College Library by securing gifts and by providing funds for the purchase of books, manuscripts, and other material which the Library could not otherwise acquire.

MEMBERSHIP is open to anyone paying an annual subscription of five dollars or more (undergraduates pay fifty cents, and graduates of the college pay one dollar annually during the first five years out of College), or an equivalent gift of books (or other material) needed by the Library. Such books must be given specifically through the ASSOCIATES. The fiscal year of the ASSOCIATES runs from July 1 to June 30. Members are invited to renew their memberships without special reminder at any date after July 1.

Members will receive copies of the COLBY LIBRARY QUARTERLY and notification of the meetings of the society. Officers for 1957-1958 are:

President; Frederick A. Pottle, Yale University.

Vice-President, Richard K. Kellenberger

Student Vice-Presidents, Joan L. King, '58, and John O. Curtis, '58.

Secretary-Treasurer, John McKenna, *Librarian*.

Committee on Book Purchases: Richard Cary (term expires in 1958), Clifford H. Osborne (term expires in 1959), and (*ex officio*) the Vice-President, and the Secretary.

Editor of the COLBY LIBRARY QUARTERLY: Carl J. Weber.

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